



Tattersall's Club Magazine

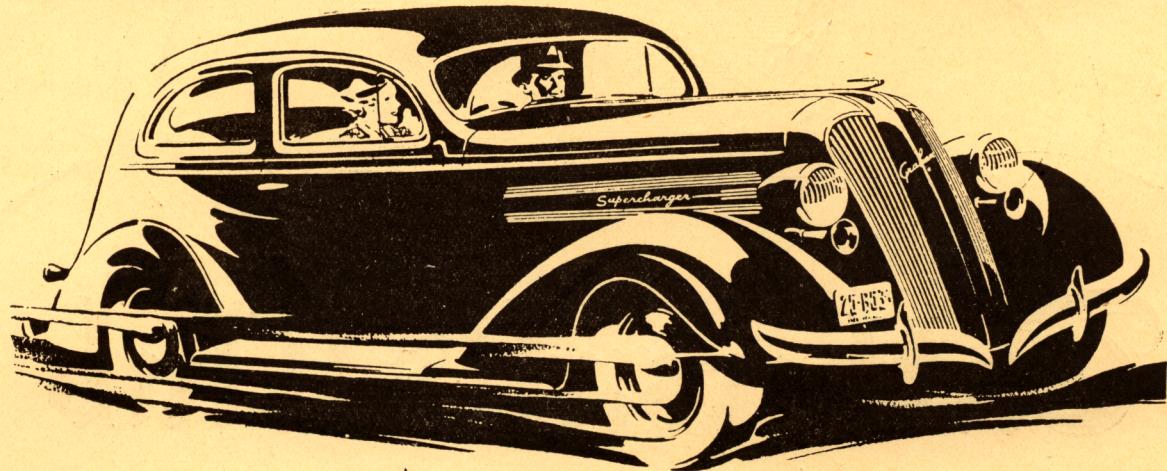
The
**OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 9. No. 4. 1st June, 1936.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club,
157 Elizabeth St., Sydney*

Vol. 9.

JUNE 1, 1936.

No. 4

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•

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australasia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australasia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 12th September, 1936.

The Club Man's Diary

What do men think about on the racecourse when, like Greta Garbo, they want to be alone?

The detachment of Bill Booth at our Randwick meeting on May 9th might have proved profitable had I been a mind reader.

A haphazard guess at his thoughts as he sat stowed away in the official stand, disturbed not even by the animated nearby conversation of Peter Riddle and Bayley Payten, did not provoke a deeper curiosity than subsequent events justified.

Probably he was contemplating the maturing double, but the only signs and symbols by which I am inspired on the course are those which appear too late, alas—those hoisted at the behest of the judge on the results board.

Another analytical being might have carried his curiosity into the ring.

Leaning over the balustrade of the official stand, watching the two-year-old parade, was Mr. Bunny Nagel, making an occasional note.

One might have been sure that he was not at the moment dreaming of Toowoomba (Queensland), capital of the rich Darling Downs farming country, the foundation of his fortune.

The Darling Downs has produced many fine sportsmen, men whose affluence has advanced the Sport of Kings, and Bunny Nagel may be numbered among those.

But what interested me, there and then, was what he might have been thinking of, alone.

Then, there was the Acting Commissioner of Police (Mr. Lynch), at one stage sole occupant of the upper deck of the official stand, withdrawn from the crowd to which ordinarily he is officially shackled.

Mr. Lynch has the reputation of being the most silent member of the force, and one of its deepest thinkers. If he had withdrawn to study a problem "from information received"—as they say in the courts—let's hope the solution was gratifying.

Together were Dr. Crawford Robertson, Macquarie Street specialist, and Dr. Waddell, of the

classic legal firm of Minter, Simpson and Co.

What do you think they were up to? Studying a guide to form!

There were two men, by the nature of their professional training cautious, averse from the risk of reading fact into the speculative, demanding the verities, yet now committing themselves, apparently, to superficial analysis, uncorroborated evidence.

Well, these grave men have their moments, brain-clearing breaks, which, after all, are the finest tonics.

Mr. Kirkpatrick, M.L.A., ap-



Late Mr. P. F. Moore.

peared to be the only regular of the official stand to flaunt the white flower of Mother's Day eve.

Dr. C. Nigel Smith featured a white spray, which retained its freshness throughout the afternoon, despite the downfall of Shakespeare.

Undoubtedly the Doctor has a good—maybe a great—two-year-old, but it was set too big a task to overhaul one of the calibre of Grand Boy.

However, we may wish Dr. Nigel Smith good luck in the Queensland Amateur Golf Championship.

After that two-year-old race, I met Mr. George Bridges calculating his fortunes with the concentration of one framing an income tax return. In the turmoil of figures, all

that happened was that Mr. Bridges had backed the winner both ways, and the second horse for a place—on the tote!

He was wondering how he had come to miss the third!

Messrs. S. S. Crick, Charles Munro and Frank Spencer together—something profitable should have come out of that consultation.

The first and the second direct big motion picture interests; the third a great chocolate manufacturing firm. Faculties for high finance, however, are brought back to scratch on a racecourse.

Noticed together during intervals between races: Mr. John Spencer Brunton and Mr. D. L. Dowdell; Mr. J. O. Meeks and Mr. W. C. Douglass; Mr. "Winalot" White and General Goddard; Mr. H. M. Macken and Mr. McDermott.

A guest should not ordinarily comment, but I may be pardoned this much about the official luncheon: The absence of speeches is always appreciated. The loyal toast proposed by the Chairman (Mr. Hill) and, incidentally, phrased correctly by him in the proposal, and (also correctly) drunk in silence, is the only formality.

For the rest, the presence of guests bespeaks their welcome.

Between Mr. S. J. Monie and me at the official luncheon sat an invisible guest—Time. We mentioned the rare picture of Carbine, printed in the previous issue of the magazine. I said that my only memory of Carbine was to ride him as a rocking horse—all the merry-go-rounds and rockings horses of my juvenile era were so labelled.

Mr. Monie recalled the great horse and his performances as clearly as the present generation remembers Peter Pan.

By the way, have you seen that fine picture of Carbine's sire, Musketeer, hanging in the A.J.C. office?

Across the table was Mr. Ted Thorne, formerly of the famous Waratahs, and ordinarily a Rugby Union football patron. I always regarded Ted as one of the most dashing forwards ever to don a jersey. He won representative honours during one of those occasional eras of great players.

Lunching in the club with Mr. A. L. Brown, he told me of the arrangements being made for the Dewar Cup coursing meeting, when he is host on behalf of the House of Dewar. Many club members will have partaken of the hospitality of that occasion ere this note appears.

As a regular for many years at this outing, I don't think that there is another coursing occasion in the calendar quite like it. The final toast, always drunk in bumpers is appropriately "To our next merry meeting."

A. L. B. has a rare stock of yarns. One that will be recalled in particular concerns the roll call of the Black Watch, famous Scottish regiment: "Flannigan, Finnegan, Murphy, Muldoon, ——"

The late Mr. Frank Moore's keen interest in racing and his admiration of a good horse were an inheritance from two generations in Australia, and came originally through a long line of sporting ancestors in Ireland.

His grandfather, Mr. Patrick Moore, was among the best judges of thoroughbreds of his generation, which harks back to the days of early settlement.

His father, Mr. Peter Moore, established racing on Moorefield course; but, long before that—one who knew him tells me—Peter Moore put down a mile course around the old stone home. He always had up to half a dozen thoroughbred horses running on his property.

My informant says that the site of the present course was originally a fruit and vegetable garden.

Frank Moore carried on the sporting traditions of the family, as one would have expected a man of his blood to have done. Many were drawn to him in close ties of friendship. His memory will remain evergreen among sportsmen as a gallant soldier and a man measuring up in every way to the finest standards. To his family we offer this genuine tribute.

Mr. A. W. Boynton, Australasian manager for the Wylie B. Jones Advertising Agency, was fatally injured in a motor car accident at Flemington on May 10. Thus the business world lost an able director, and very many persons, includ-

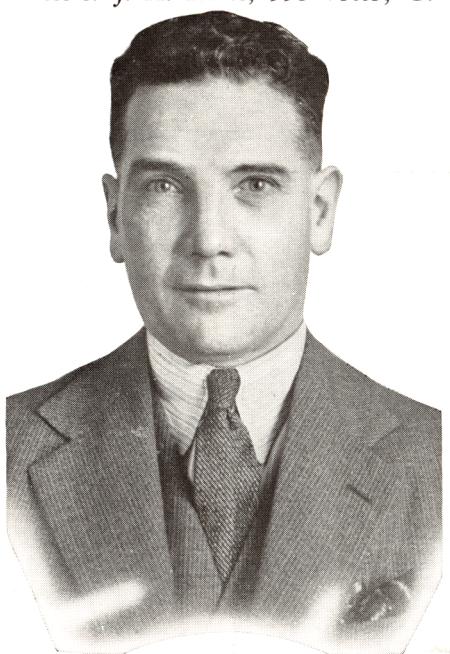
ing members of this club, a charming friend.

* * *

Many happy returns also in June to: Messrs. Hans Robertson, 7th; Syd. Baker, 9th; C. E. Young, 11th; J. C. B. Allen, 17th; Messrs. F. G. Underwood, 20th; S. J. Simpson, 28th; A. J. Genge, 29th.

* * *

The election of four members to serve on the committee of Tattersall's Club for two years resulted: Messrs. J. A. Roles, 558 votes; G.



Mr. G. Chiene.

Marlow, 474; W. J. Smith, 443; G. Chiene, 400; C. J. Moore, 398; J. H. Saunders, 340; H. M. Macken, 323.

* * *

The sitting members were Messrs. Roles, Marlow, Smith and Saunders. The new committeeman, Mr. Chiene, has been a prominent member for several years.

* * *

The committee is now constituted as follows: Messrs. W. W. Hill (Chairman); S. E. Chatterton (Treasurer); H. C. Bartley, G. Chiene, B. Jolley, G. Marlow, J. H. O'Dea, J. A. Roles, W. J. Smith, and F. G. Underwood.

* * *

His parents had him christened Arthur Wallis, but for two generations almost, Sydney's clubland and

its sporting adjuncts knew him affectionately as "Doggy." It was a sobriquet that chimed in more with his intensely friendly make-up; for as a good-mixer, a great, generous personality, he had few compeers.

No death in recent times represented such a terrific wrench from long-established moorings. May 2, when he breathed his last peacefully in the Community Hospital, was indeed a sad day in the calendar. But "Doggy" would not have us hang crepe on his memory. Rather would he wish that we remember him as he lived—a robust fellow, gloriously cheerful and game, a kindly philosopher.

* * *

Mr. Joe Matthews left for San Francisco by the "Monterey" on 27th May, there to join his wife and his daughter and to attend the latter's wedding.

* * *

This month's best story heard in the club:—

Isaacs, an outfitter, had bought half a dozen cheap shirts for which he could find no sale, so he consulted Levinsky, a fellow tradesman, as to how he should dispose of them.

"Vhy," said Levinsky, "send them to Macnab, and enclose an invoice for five shirts. Macnab will think you have made a mistake and take the six shirts and pay you for five, and, after all, that is better than not selling them at all."

Isaacs said he would try this. A week later the two Jews met again and Levinsky asked Isaacs if the ruse had worked.

"Levinsky," said Isaacs, "you tried to ruin me. I sent the six shirts to Macnab with an invoice for five, and he sent back five shirts with a note to say that he did not want them."

Mr. James Barnes, formerly chairman of Tattersall's Club, will celebrate his 80th birthday on June 11, and we take the opportunity here of getting in early on the congratulations which await this friendly veteran from the general body of sportsmen, within the club and outside. Throughout the years he has stood among us as a symbol of goodwill. All he has rendered in unselfish service is cordially acknowledged.

We Travel the Road

The Far North and Back :: A Member on Tour

Crossing the New South Wales-Queensland border is not traversing any imaginary line.

Essentially in the North there is a different State, with different people, and different ways.

They reflect their increased ration of sun, and regard life from a brighter and wider angle than the mere Southerners.

Believe it or not, smokes from pipes to cigars help to make the motion pictures go round and round in Brisbane, while refreshments are

springs would not attempt more than a second gear twenty miles.

Setting out on this voyage of discovery in the North, the New England Highway through Newcastle, Maitland, Tamworth, Armidale, Glen Innes and Tenterfield provides good going, and the trip over the Macpherson Range in the Far North is well worth while, although the break in the bush which reveals towering Mount Lindsay is a welcome break. There has been a satiety of scrub and bush, hills and dales.

From the border to Brisbane there are two short very bad patches of road, a motorist's nightmare, but they are soon forgotten.

Brisbane's Queen Street is the hub, with its forbidden right-hand turns at most times, but it is a city of easy negotiation.

At Brisbane the car was put away for eight days, and the real embarkation taken, a voyage down the river and to sea. The liner gives the impression of just drifting downstream between banks studded with homes, in which lights twinkled merrily. And so out into Moreton Bay and headed for the Barrier. The map gives an impression of a land-locked passage between the mainland and the reef, but this is just a 60 mile illusion for that is the widest span of ocean. However, one day out from Brisbane sees the good ship threading her way through narrow passages with islands and mainland as close as the seeker after calm waters could desire. Fishing parties are put off into bobbing launches or

taken on board complete with tales of catches that were or might have been. Whitsunday Passage certainly looks the fisherman's paradise, no matter what it might prove to be.

The next excitement is the landing of Mackay passengers into launch or lighter, a hazardous business at best, for here there is real sea, and even the big lighter rolls away with lurches not easy to watch by the passengers of meals not over-secure.

Two days from Brisbane, Townsville is reached, a prosperous town built on the beach and provided with an artificial but adequate harbour and anchorage. Just across the bay from Townsville is Magnetic Island, some 20 minutes in a fast launch to a holiday-maker's dream. Tennis, fishing and bathing in tepid surf in May were something too good to be passed by. Arcadia is a worthy name for this delectable spot. And so au revoir to Townsville, with wishes that it was 100 miles from Sydney instead of over 1,000.

Cairns in the early morning of bright sun suggests almost a South Sea island, a suggestion added to as the train puffed up the steep grades through alternate tropical bush and rich crops of sugar cane. Short tunnels abound, but emerging from each brings a fresh view of the wealth of North Australia. Finally the Barron Falls are spied, a volume of tumbling water now being harnessed for an hydro-electric plant. Here the railway station where tourists disentain for Fairyland, the Maze, and famous beauty spots, is hardly recognisable as anything so mundane as a mere building for the business connected with Queensland Government railways. It is a bower of ferns and tropical plants, the most camouflaged railway station in the world. Some twenty miles further, on the journey to the Northern Tablelands, a change is made to a motor train. Then for



Recently constructed road from Atherton to Cairns.

refreshments, and apparently mostly on tap.

If at times the train traveller arrives a few hours late to-day by yesterday's—what matter?

A thousand miles from Sydney a punter can walk into an office equipped and staffed like a bank, read the starters in Sydney suburban races, complete with set prices in large figures on blackboards, and then bet as big as he likes. It's just a carefree State.

Singularly enough, the motorist does not escape in the North any more than his Southern brothers. In fact, a signboard with a 30 m.p.h. speed limit figuratively hits him in the eye at every country bend of the highways. On the other roads a speed limit is superfluous. Any driver with a thought for his

miles the Southerner is treated to the novelty of being hurtled through the air at a full 20 miles to the hour, with the engine flat out, and on the level apparently, but in reality on a steady climb. A little remonstrance with the driver concerning the tardiness brought the reply: "You are lucky; this is yesterday's train." Perhaps it was a well-worn rejoinder.

Arriving at Atherton, a fair-sized typical back country town, fresh transport appeared in the shape of service motor cars, with drivers full of local colour, although they confessed to not being Queenslanders, one, in fact, pleading guilty to owning Auckland, New Zealand, as his birthplace. Naturally in the scenic drive back to Cairns he showed with pride not a few Kauri trees believed to be indigenous to the Dominion. Lake Narramine is one of the beauty spots of this return trip, a sheet of water nestling in the centre of the thickest of tropical forest.

From the lake is a winding road with 612 turns in 12 miles, and a time limit of 30 minutes. This is insisted on by the authorities for cars are checked through a gate at the top and again through a gate at the end of this section. If the time is not strictly adhered to the penalty on the driver is imposed and enforced. And so back to Cairns through more and still more plantations of sugar cane.

The 6.30 departure from Cairns became a 7.30 affair, due to the non-arrival of some dozen tourists. Their story was that the train on which they were returning stayed at a siding for 40 minutes to unload some hundreds of bullocks and the railway folk, beyond advising the master of the ship, declined to do more. Just what the captain said is now nobody's business.

The return journey from Cairns to Townsville was just another summer idyll in May, but then King Neptune showed his hand and the last two days, even into Moreton Bay, emphasised that even tropical seas and good ships can misbehave.

Racing on the Queensland Turf Club's picturesque course at Ascot even at the Cup meeting, is a rest after the hurly-burly of Randwick.

Advocates of the walk-in start would be sadly disillusioned, but there are some features which commend themselves. A rigid inspection of plates and tips, insisted on by the chief stipendiary steward, well-known in Sydney, Mr. Archie Wilson, is a regulation which could be general in all States. Every foot on each horse entering the birdcage is examined, and even if a nail is projecting, back goes the horse for more attention from the farrier. As a result, there are very few horses injured on Queensland courses despite the fact that the riding in general appears to be below Southern standards. The Northern club is possessed of a very fine course, but even though Lough Neagh and Regular Bachelor have kept the Queensland flag flying, the average class is not so good. At the recent Cup meeting, Bachelor's Gift, a four-year-old by Regular Bachelor's sire, Bachelor's Persse, and the two-year-olds, Jovial Mark and Blandon, might yet appear with advantage in New South Wales or Victoria.

The semaphore on the flat, as at Flemington, serves also the occupants of the grandstands who do not wish to leave their seats. At Randwick the semaphore on the flat can be read by occupants of the other enclosures only with the aid of glasses. The course broadcaster also announces the progress of betting, an additional service which would be appreciated on Southern courses.

From Brisbane to Sydney via the Pacific Highway, the first two hundred miles are of unalloyed delight. First comes Southport with its sweeping beach, Surfer's Paradise, Burleigh Heads, and an abundance of delightful sea and landscapes right down to Tweed Heads and the first of the rivers, the Tweed.

Well is the Northern part of New South Wales named the Rivers, for if the traveller is in no hurry, being punted across these wonderful stretches of water is an event. In all there are six punts to be requisitioned. The great span of the Clarence River being crossed into Grafton by the magnificent bridge.

Coff's Harbour, Nambucca Heads and Port Macquarie are real attractions for the holiday maker not in a hurry, for they necessitate slight turns-off the highway to be investigated fully. The roads may be dusty and gravelly in places, but it is a journey well worth while. There are some largish stretches of just hilly bushy country, but they are traversed easily, heartened with



British naval ships going up the Brisbane River.

the certainty of something to see round the next bend.

Bullock teams abound, and if not one alligator was sighted in Queensland, kangaroos hopping across the road add some novelty, even to the highway of Northern New South Wales. Pineapples, bananas and sugar cane stretch well down into New South Wales, possibly not with the luxuriant growth of Queensland, but all with great interest to the traveller.

In conclusion, there is just one little confession. Despite all the attractions of the North, its novelty and the great bounty of Nature, there is nothing to eclipse the vista of the Hawkesbury as it sweeps into view on the perfectly roaded run from Newcastle. Perhaps it is because it is almost home.

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Relics and Sentimentality

Frequently many of us are told we are sentimental and almost just as frequently the idea will be laughed to scorn. But, is it not a fact? Do we not all cherish something or other with which we would not part at any price? It was ever thus, and there are classic instances all over the world. No matter into which category you place them, favoured articles are, in the main, held for sentimental reasons, even though we refer to them maybe scornfully at times, as "just relics."

The copy of Montaigne's Florio with the name of Shakespeare on the first leaf, written by the poet of all time himself; the chair preserved at Antwerp in which Rubens sat when he painted the Descent from the Cross; or the telescope preserved in the Museum of Florence, which aided Galileo in his sublime discoveries.

How many of us would like to possess the famous arrow of William Tell, or the swords of Wallace or of Hampden?

Doubtless, we could obtain similar ornaments of more beautiful variety, but (and it is a big BUT, too) same would lack sentiment. Incidentally, writer cannot separate "historic value" from sentimentality.

We are in excellent company when we are sentimental. Let us admit the fact.

Among the most favourable relics of modern times, in Europe, are Shakespeare's mulberry tree, Napoleon's willow, and the table at Waterloo on which the Emperor wrote his despatches. It has been proved beyond all doubt that snuff boxes "made from the wood of the mulberry tree" referred to, by far exceed the possible number also that the table was destroyed, and a dozen counterfeits along with it, but, there abound many people who paid big prices for supposed originals, and cherish their possessions.

Bullets from the field of Waterloo, and buttons from the coats of soldiers who fell in the fight, are still favourites in Europe. Let all lovers of genuine relics look well to their money before they part with it to the ciceroni that swarm the village of Waterloo!

Few travellers stopped at the lonely isle of St. Helena in bygone days without cutting a twig from the willow that drooped over the grave of Napoleon, prior to the removal of the body by the Government of Louis Phillippe. Many of these twigs were planted and eventually grew to larger propor-

tions than their parent. Several of them are growing in the neighbourhood of London to this day, and relic hunters are content with a sprig from same, "for sentimental reasons." Verily they can have no real value for the market is flooded.

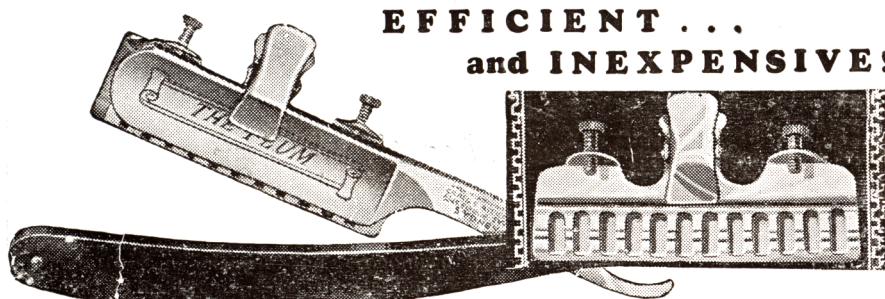
Let me put it another way: Supposing we were able to put the clock back to the day we were married. How would we furnish our new home? Does the reader think, seriously, he would make anything like an identical selection? Of course not. He would be modern in his view.

Now let us look from the other end—to-day. Imagine for one fleeting moment that news has just come along that you have won a couple of Calcutta Sweeps, and henceforth you will have money to burn.

You may decide to move into a new home and, maybe, you will refurnish. And, here is the point. Will you sell *everything* you now possess? Try and imagine the position. It is a safe bet you will stand firm against selling some worthless piece of furniture or ornament, or even think of allowing it to be replaced.

If you have any doubt about this, just try going through your cupboards some day with the idea of throwing out all the junk you have hoarded up over the years. And, having done the job thoroughly, to your way of thinking, hearken for the remark of wifey along the lines of "why didn't you get rid of these old things?" and such like.

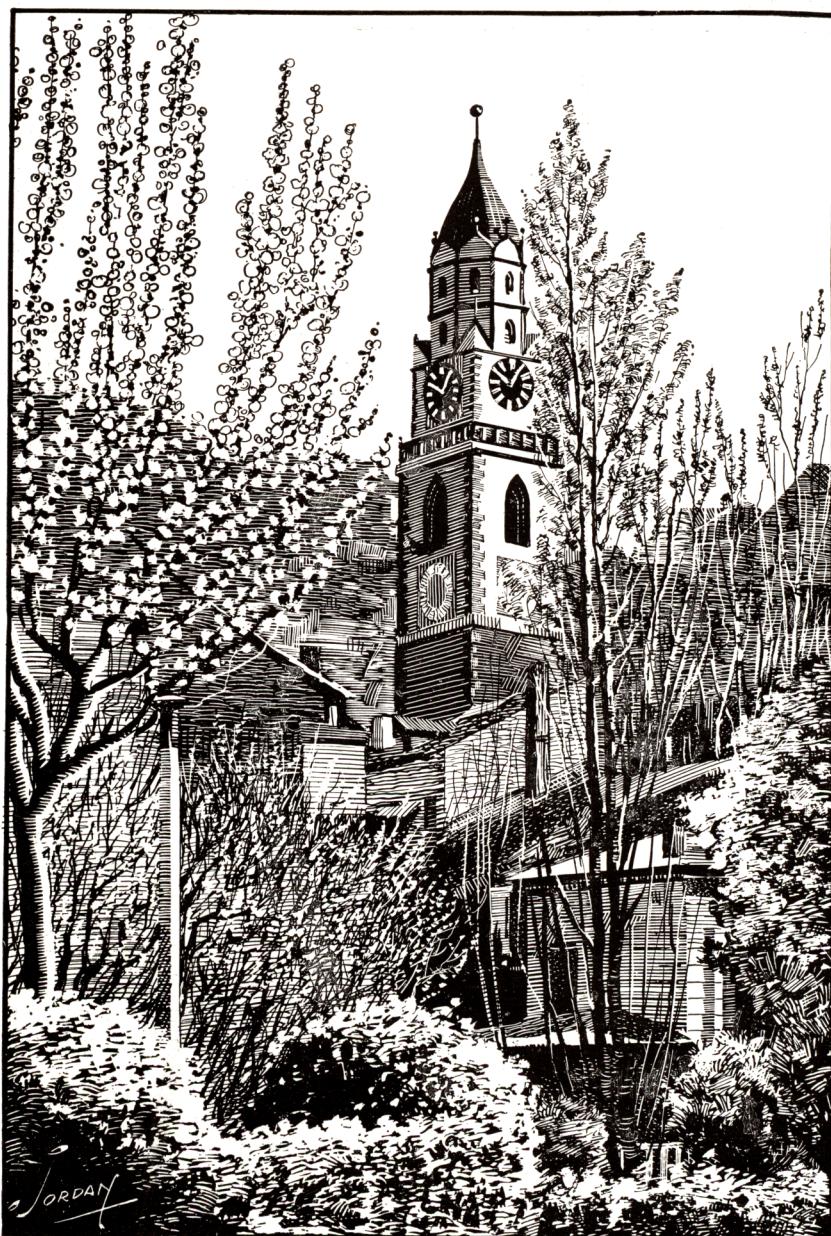
You will be completely stuck for an intelligent answer, but deep down in your soul the truth will be found in "sentiment." Even that old pipe which has for long been discarded because of its "strength" still holds sway in the rack. Why? Sentiment! We are full of it, and we should glory in the fact. It is human nature at its best.



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*A peaceful spot... gently flowing river... beautiful foliage
... and the old clock showing it's—*

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Contract Bridge

(By E. V. Shepard, Famous Bridge Teacher)

A Tough Problem

Interesting hands never seem to vanish. I haven't seen the following problem hand for some years. In fact, I did not immediately recognise it, as some of the suits have been switched. Finally I recognised the problem as one of Lenz's best, published in his 1928 prize contest, with solvers given six months to put in answers. It may be interesting

♠ 8 5	
♥ A K 8 6 5 3 2	
♦ 6	
♣ A K 7	
♠ 9	♠ Q 7 6 2
♥ Q J 10	♥ 4
9 7	♦ 8 5 4 3
♦ K 10 7	2
♣ Q 10 8 3	♣ J 6 5
♠ A K J 10 4 3	
♥ None	
♦ A Q J 9	
♣ 9 4 2	

to learn that only about 600 correct solutions came in from more than 20,000 players who responded.

Spades are trumps. The opening lead is the Q of hearts. How many tricks can South win against any subsequent defence?

Win the first trick with the K of hearts. Lead back the Ace of that suit. Discard declarer's lowest club on the K. What declarer must do next depends on what East does when the Ace of hearts is led.

East may: (1) Trump; (2) discard a club; (3) discard a diamond. Try each of the three possible plays in turn.

Have East trump and South over-trump. Lead the Ace and Q of diamonds. Have dummy trump when West put up the K. Lead dummy's last trump. Have South pick up East's three trumps. Declarer will make a grand slam, if East ruffs the Ace of hearts. Evidently this is poor strategy for East to employ.

Try having East discard a club on dummy's Ace of hearts. Declarer will let go his lowest diamond. Lead a trump from dummy. Win in declarer's hand. Lead back a club. Win with dummy's K. Lead dummy's last trump. Win in declarer's hand. Have West let go a club.

Lead the Ace and K of spades,

picking up East's two trumps. West may discard a diamond and a heart. Discard two hearts from dummy. Lead another spade. West may let go next to his last heart safely. Discard one of dummy's three remaining hearts. East may discard a diamond. The last five cards held by each are as shown below.

Lead declarer's last trump. West is squeezed. If he lets go a heart

♥ 8 6	
♦ 6	
♣ A 7	
♥ J	♦ 8 5 4 3
♦ K 10	♣ J
♣ Q 10	
♠ 3	
♦ A Q J	
♣ 4	

there will be two good hearts in dummy. If he lets go a diamond the declarer will take 3 diamond tricks. If West lets go a club both of dummy's become good, and West must again discard on the last club. No play of West can stop a grand slam.

Handball

Tattersall's Handball Club last month lost to the Coogee Club at Coogee, but in their next interclub engagement they easily won over the Domain Shiverers Club.

Maybe the "Shiverers" will get their own back when they get the Tattersall's boys out in the open down at the Domain.

As usual, hospitality was given to the visitors in true Tattersall's Club style.

Perhaps the most amazing feature of the contest was the form of Billy Morris, of the "Shiverers," who through an accident some years back lost both his legs.

Billy, however, is one of those lovable optimists who make the most of his disabilities, and smiles his way through life, helping others and with a cheery word for all.

In his contests he showed amazing anticipation and kept our men going, "Pete" Hunter only beating him 31-20 and "Billy" Williams 32-30.

Fourteen games were on the programme, and Tattersall's won the lot.

Results were:—Block (T.) beat McCoy 31-29 and Slattery 31-25; Herson (T.) beat Dreelin 31-13 and Gregory 31-30; Hunter (T.) beat Gregory 31-10 and Morris 31-20; Williams (T.) beat Morris 32-30; Lazarus (T.) beat Grey 31-17 and Dreelin 31-29; Rainbow (T.) beat Slattery 31-23 and Doyle 31-19; Pratt (T.) beat Doyle 31-23 and Grey 31-24; Tebbutt (T.) beat McCoy 31-29.

The "Searcy" Cup competition

has drawn a good field, and the luncheon-hour and evening games are being keenly contested.

It is far too early to tip the winner, but Alf. Rainbow, who won the "most improved player" trophy last season, is showing that they made no error in handing him that trophy.

Just before these lines were penned Alf. had an unbeaten record of thirteen wins in a row, but stop press news is that after surmounting the unlucky thirteenth he succumbed in the next match to Eddie Davis, who is in great heart just now, and is a welcome addition to the club.

Another noteworthy feat was the defeat of champion Bill Tebbutt by E. T. Penfold, who received a start.

The Thoroughbred in Australia . . .

When the late Bruce Lowe first worked out the figure system to ascertain the original (or tap-root) mares with the greatest number of winners of the English Derby, St. Leger, and Oaks, he evolved a theory which has since caused considerable controversy the world over. Some there were who were satisfied that Mr. Lowe had solved the problem of how to breed great horses, while others were sceptical that the inscrutable mysteries of Nature could possibly be governed by mating certain numbers with others, and the collection of sceptics have increased enormously of recent years.

To those who have never read Bruce Lowe's book on "Breeding Racehorses by the Figure System," it may be explained that he counted the winners of the three classics mentioned, and traced them back to their tap-root; and the mare with the greatest number of winners was

By A. Knight ("Musket")

called No. 1, and so on up to 43. "The advantages to be gained by the adoption of the figures can hardly be overrated," he wrote. "In the first place, they identify the family without any repetition of the names of the tap-roots, if, indeed, it were possible to include these in a tabulated pedigree. Secondly, they show the position the family has attained in the three great classic races—thus, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on; the larger the figure the less successful have been the descendants of that family. Thirdly, when a figure is placed against the name of each male in a tabulated pedigree it shows at a glance the family (or tap-root) he descends from, and informs the

Bruce Lowe's Family Numbers— As Applied to Australian Classics

student what main families have been brought into combination."

The running families, according to Bruce Lowe, were Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and the great sire families were Nos. 3, 8, 11, 12, and 14. No. 3 was included in both groups owing to the prominent position it held as a winning-producing family and as a sire line. "This is, perhaps, the most valuable family in the Stud Book, because it possesses the dual qualities of both a running and sire line," asserted the author.

It has been averred by followers of Bruce Lowe that he did not claim for his theory that it was an infallible guide to success in the breeding of thoroughbreds; but he went very close to that claim in a letter to the late Mr. William Allison. The latter gentleman was a close student of pedigrees, and was turf editor of the now defunct London "Sportsman." It was Mr. Allison

who published the book after the death of Bruce Lowe in 1894, at the request of the deceased. In the letter referred to, Mr. Lowe, in expounding his finding of 20 years' study, wrote: "To a student like you, the system will open up new and most interesting phases of breeding, not otherwise available. In other words, though it immensely extends the field of operations, it *reduces the chances of failure to a minimum*, because it is based upon the sound principles of 'judgment by results.' Indeed, I venture to predict that it will to a great extent revolutionise the present methods of mating thoroughbreds."

If Mr. Allison assimilated all the reasonings of Bruce Lowe, he did not profit to any great extent by it, as he was



Sceptre, by Persimmon (7), from Ornament (16), by Bend Or (1). She won the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, St. Leger, and nine other races, and amassed £38,000 in Stakes.

manager of the Cobham Stud in England for nearly 40 years, and yet bred very few horses in that time which could be regarded as above the ordinary. But, being a dealer in horseflesh, he found the figure system very useful, so that he could enlarge upon the families the horses he wished to dispose of descended from. At one time he endeavoured to form a syndicate to repatriate the great Ormonde to his native land. Ormonde, having become a roarer, was sold by his breeder, the Duke of Westminster, to an Argentine buyer, who was made aware of the infirmity before the purchase was effected. Mr. Allison thought the horse would make a successful stallion, despite his wind troubles, and wrote

to the Duke, asking him to become one of a syndicate to re-purchase the horse and bring him back to England. The Duke refused the request through the columns of another paper, stating that he had sold Ormonde for England's good, owing to the fact that it was impossible for his stock to be otherwise than roarers in such a climate as England; but that in the more salubrious atmosphere of Argentina there was a possibility that Ormonde's progeny would not suffer to the same extent. Ever after, when referring to the Duke's stud, Mr. Allison would write of the "unscientific methods" which prevailed at Eaton Lodge; to which the Duke replied that he was aware of his ignorance in the mating of horses, but had bred Ormonde, Orme, Bend Or, and other great horses with his "unscientific methods"; and then invited Mr. Allison to name one that his scientific ideas had produced.

Mr. Allison was not the only disciple of Bruce Lowe who failed as a breeder, for even Bruce Lowe himself tells us in his book that he was "interested" in a stud in Australia. One would suppose that any man



Solario, by Gainsborough (2) from Sun Worship (26), by Sundridge (2), generally conceded to be the handsomest horse of the English turf seen for years. He was bred at Fort Union Stud, Ireland.

who had evolved a system to "reduce failures to a minimum," would have made a success as a breeder, and would have produced the best horses in the land, but Mr. Lowe was no more successful than Mr. Allison.

I once put in an evening at a stud where one of the members of the family was an ardent supporter of the author of the figure system. He had all the pedigrees of the great horses worked out in a book, and endeavoured to explain to me why this or that horse was so great. "You see No. 11 on the sire's side," he said; "and then look how it nicks with No. 8 in the dam's pedigree. That is the reason why that horse was superior to his opponents—successful crossing of two prominent lines." Yet that student of breeding did not breed first-class horses. Turning to the pedigree of Gloaming, he said: "That is the most scientifically-bred horse in Australia."

"Then how is it that his brothers and sisters are of little account?" I asked. The answer to that query was: "If Light (dam of Gloaming) had been mated once or twice with

other sires and then returned to The Welkin (Gloaming's sire), another great horse would have been the result." I then inquired if he had followed out those reasonings himself, and he admitted he had not. So I concluded it was easy to discover by figures where a horse derived his greatness *after* he became great, but not before.

Writing of the No. 1 family, Bruce Lowe stated: "Very few great sires have sprung from this line in proportion to its winners." At that time (1894) those remarks might have been correct, but the No. 1 line has done remarkably well in this country since those words were written. Some years ago a group of bloodstock men were awaiting the arrival of the imported horse Rosendale at Chisholm's stables, after his period of quarantine had expired. Said one of them to the late Mr. Cecil Brien: "You are making a big mistake in importing a stallion of the No. 1 family."

"What makes you think so?" was the reply. "I gather from the 'Bloodstock Breeders' Review' that No. 1 sires are doing very well in England."

"You can't tell me that," said the other—"I have the Bruce Lowe figure system at my finger-tips." And yet that great authority on the system used to breed yearlings that did not average 50 guineas each, while Mr. Brien often realised 1,000 guineas and over for the best of his. This reads like Mr. Allison and the Duke of Westminster over again!

Rossendale, it may be mentioned, proved an outstanding sire, and others of the same family number to make history in this part of the world are Magpie, Heroic, and Pantheon; while in New Zealand, Lymond and Martian have produced the winners of every race of note in Australasia. If, therefore, Bruce Lowe were alive to-day, he would find that what held good between 1882 and 1894 has undergone changes since.

The Successful Families in Australia.

Applying the figures to Australian thoroughbreds, the most successful

mares here are those without a place in the select 43—those without a number at all, owing to the fact that their pedigrees cannot be traced. I have taken the A.J.C. Derby and St. Leger and the V.R.C. Derby, St. Leger, and Oaks as the principal classic races of the Commonwealth, and after a search extending over some days find that the descendants of untraceable mares have won 21 Derbies, 20½ St. Legers, and 13 Oaks, or 54½ in all. No. 4 Family in Bruce Lowe's list has only accounted for 2½ Derbies, 8 St. Legers, and 4 Oaks in this country. But, perhaps, it is not fair to compare these two families, because many of those mares whose pedigrees are untraceable may have been thoroughbred, but through neglect or other reasons their lineage has never come to light. Newhaven, for instance, one of the greatest horses of last century, was the great-grandson of a mare named Dinah, said to be by Gratus. Vol.

III. of the Australian Stud Book states that she was taken overland to Melbourne from Sydney with a mob of horses. Vol. IV. also alludes to her pedigree, stating, but only on hearsay, that her dam was by Rous' Emigrant from a Bay Camerton mare. After winning the Melbourne Cup and many other races—the Cup with 7 st. 13 lb. (the highest weight for a three-year-old winner)—Newhaven was sent to England, where he won the City and Suburban Handicap; but, because he was descended from a mare without a number, he was refused admission to the English Stud Book. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that a large number of the untraceable winners were as clean-bred as those whose ancestresses can be traced.

As it may be of interest to give the classic winners according to their family numbers, here is a list of those who have succeeded in the races referred to:—

CLASSIFICATION OF BRUCE LOWE FAMILY WINNERS IN THE A.J.C. DERBY AND ST. LEGER AND THE V.R.C. DERBY, ST. LEGER AND OAKS.

(Abbreviations: A.D., A.J.C. Derby; A.L., A.J.C. St. Leger; V.D., Victoria Derby; V.L., V.R.C. St. Leger; V.O., V.R.C. Oaks).

No. 1 FAMILY—Tregonwell's Natural Barb Mare.
Abundance, A.D., A.L., V.D., Johnnie Jason, V.D.
V.L. Manfred, A.D., V.D.
Carlita, V.D., V.O. Moe, V.O.
Eusebius, V.D., V.L. Richmond Main, A.D. (dead-heat
Even Time, V.L. with Artilleryman), V.D.
Feldspar, V.D. Rosanna, V.O.
Frances Tressady, V.D., V.O. Styria, V.O.
Gibraltar, A.D., V.L. The Sailor Prince, A.L.
Heroic, A.D.

No. 2 FAMILY—Burton's Barb Mare.
Angler, V.D., V.L. Hamlet, A.L., V.L.
Aurum, V.L. Kandos, A.L.
Auraria, V.O. Litigant, V.O.
Carnage, V.D. Mufti, V.O.
Cadonia, A.L. Nitre, V.O.
Cranberry, A.D. Phar Lap, A.D., A.L., V.D., V.L.
Epilogue, V.L. Scarlet, V.O.
Fishhook, A.L., V.L. Trivalve, A.D., V.D., V.L.
Florence, A.D., V.D., V.O. The Admiral, V.D.
Hall Mark, A.D., V.D., V.L.
(dead-heat with Limarch).

No. 3 FAMILY—Dam of the Two True Blues.
Abercorn, A.D., A.L., V.L. Mint Sauce, V.O.
Biplane, A.D., V.D. Parsee, A.D.
Bosworth, A.L., V.L. Peter Pan, A.D., A.L., V.L.
Clove, A.D. Rufus, V.D.
Cupidon, A.D. Sapphire, V.O.
Dreadnought, A.L., V.D., V.L. Spice, V.O.
Hyades, V.O. Wallace, A.L., V.D.
Lanson, V.O. Wolaroi, V.D.
Melos, A.D., A.L.

No. 4 FAMILY—The Layton Barb Mare.
Adelaide, V.L. Lady Valais, A.L.
Allunga (dead-heat with Homer) Melbourne, V.D., V.L.
A.D., V.L., A.L. Miss Disraeli, V.O.
Balloon King, V.D. Nalda, V.O.
Finland, V.L. Pearlshell, V.O.
Fishery, V.O. Veilmond, A.L., V.L.

No. 5 FAMILY—Daughter of Massy's Black Barb.
Amberite, A.D., A.L., V.D. Lady Heron, V.O.
Beanba, V.O. Middle Watch, V.L.
Belgamba, A.L., V.L. Ninbela, V.O.
Beverage, V.D. Patron, V.L.
Bobadil, V.L. Prince Foote, A.D., A.L., V.D., V.L.
Cap-a-pie, A.L. Rivoli, A.D.
Danaus, V.L. Seagull, V.D., V.O.
Emir, A.L. Spearfelt, V.D., V.L.
Furious, V.D., V.L., V.O. Tirailleur, V.O.
Golden Hair, V.O. Thunder Queen, V.D.
His Lordship, A.D. Whittier, V.D.

No. 6 FAMILY—Old Bald Peg.
Red Shank, V.O. Red Streak, V.O.
No. 7 FAMILY—Black-legged Royal Mare.
Alawa, V.D. Folly Queen, V.O.
Artilleryman, A.D. (dead-heat Suwarow, V.D.
with Richmond Main), V.L. Oratory, V.L.
Barbette, V.O. Wheatear, A.D., A.L.
Elusive, V.O.
No. 8 FAMILY—Bustler Mare.
Cabin Boy, V.L. Kilboy, A.D.
Caserta, V.L. Theo, A.D., V.D.
Chester, V.D. Trenchant, A.D.
Liberal, V.D.
No. 9 FAMILY—The Old Vintner Mare.
Camoola, A.D., A.L., V.D. Nushka, V.O.
Cobbtby, A.L. Parthian, A.L., V.L.
Cocos, V.D. Protea, V.O.
Comotion, V.L. Radnor, A.L., V.L.
La Tosca, A.L. Strephon, A.L., V.D., V.L.
Mountain Knight, A.D., A.L., V.L. Trident, A.D., A.L., V.D., V.L.
Navigator, A.D., A.L., V.D. The Officer, V.L.
V.L. The Dauphine, V.O.
Noctuiform, A.D. Wolawa, A.L., V.D., V.L.
No. 10 FAMILY—Daughter of Gower Stallion.
Clean Sweep, A.L. Gaslight, V.O.
*Fireworks, V.D. (twice), A.D. Illumination, V.L., V.O.
V.L. Jacamar, A.L.
Finmark, A.L. Lamplighter, V.L.
F.J.A., V.D. Poseidon, A.D., A.L., V.D., V.L.
Gasworks, V.L. Windbag, A.L.
No. 11 FAMILY—The Sedbury Royal Mare.
Correze, A.L. Rampion, A.D., V.D.
Munderah, V.L. Uralla, V.O.
Prince Humphrey, A.D.
No. 12 FAMILY—Royal Mare, dam of Brimmer Mare.
Cisco, A.D. Petrea, A.L., V.O.
First King, V.L. Preston, V.L.
Lady Wallace, A.L., V.D., V.L. Royal Maid, V.O.
V.O. Wellington, V.D.
Lady San, V.O. Yabba Gabba, V.O.
Maid of All Work, V.O.
No. 13 FAMILY—Royal Mare (grand-dam of Grey Royal).
Benvolio, A.D. Robin Hood, A.L., V.D.
Charon, A.D., V.D. Robinson Crusoe, A.D., A.L.
Colbert, V.L. Salitros, A.D., A.L., V.D.
Dainty, V.O. Sylvanite, A.D., V.D.
Goldsborough, A.L. Sylvia, V.O.
Lapidist, V.D. Thana, A.L., V.O.
Martini-Henry, V.D., V.L. Vaucluse, V.O.
Nordenfeldt, A.D., V.D. Winalot, A.L.
No. 14 FAMILY—The Oldfield Mare.
Ammon Ra, A.D. Limerick, A.L.
Ballymena, A.D. Sandringham, V.L.
Darebin, V.D. Stage Girl, V.O.
Grand Flaneur, A.D., V.D., V.L.

No. 15 FAMILY—Royal Mare (dam of Grey Whynot).
 Ensign, V.D. Sir Leonard, A.L.
 Le Grand, A.D., A.L.

No. 16 FAMILY—Sister to Stripling, by Hutton's Spot.
 Alinura, V.O.

No. 17 FAMILY—Byerley Turk Mare (dam of Wharton Mare).
 Bonnie Scotland, A.D. Symmetry, V.O.
 Camden, V.D., V.L.

No. 18 FAMILY—Daughter of Old Woodcock.
 Bob Ray, A.D. Progress, A.L.
 Coquette, A.L. Rose d'Amour, V.O.
 Patrobas, V.D., V.L.

No. 19 FAMILY—Daughter of Davill's Old Woodcock.
 Millieme, A.L. Singapore, A.D.
 Prince Viridis, A.L., V.L.

No. 20 FAMILY—Daughter of Gascoigne's Foreign Horse.
 Volley, V.L.

No. 21 FAMILY—The Moonah Barb Mare of Queen Anne.
 Harvest King, A.L. The Australian Peer, V.D.
 Malster, A.D., V.D.

No. 22 FAMILY—Belgrade Turk Mare.
 Nil.

No. 23 FAMILY—Piping Peg (dam of Hobby Mare).
 Homer (dead-heat with Allunga), A.D.

No. 24 FAMILY—Helmsley Turk Mare.
 Barwon, V.D., V.L. Opera Queen, V.O.
 Buzzard, V.D. Rose May, V.D.
 Cider, A.D. Silver King, A.L., V.L.
 Flying Buck, V.L. The Fawn, V.L.
 Flying Doe, V.D. The Harvester, V.D.
 Grasspan, V.L.

No. 25 FAMILY—A Brimmer Mare.
 Nil.

No. 26 FAMILY—Daughter of Merlin.
 Flying Colours, V.D. Quality, V.O.
 Gloaming, A.D. Oriflamme, V.D., V.L.
 Lineage, V.O. Tricolor, V.D.
 Loup Garoo, A.D., V.D.

No. 27 FAMILY—A Spanker Mare.
 Charge, A.D. My Dream, V.D., V.O.
 Lantern, V.D. Sunshine, V.O.

DIVING

Never Overlook Fine Points In Forward Double Somersault.

(By Fred. Spongberg, Famous Olympic Diving Coach.)

The forward double somersault is one of the most difficult dives to perform successfully.

It is not that it is so difficult to make two somersaults in the air from a running spring, but that it is difficult to observe all the fine points of good diving form at the same time. This dive is an optional dive in diving competition.

The take-off in the forward double somersault is the same as in the one and one-half forward somersault, which was the subject of the previous article.

The tuck in the forward double is, of course, held a little longer in order to make the two turns and the feet-first entry into the water.

In the double somersault with tuck, as here shown, the tuck must be distinct up to the point of final

release of the legs, for the straightening out of the body and the entry into the water.

In the entry the legs must be straight, arms at side, toes well pointed.

A common difficulty is in completing the second somersault high enough above the water to permit the full straightening out of the body at the moment of entry.

The pike may also be used in performing this dive.

No. 28 FAMILY—Daughter of Place's White Turk.
 Nil.

No. 29 FAMILY—A Natural Barb Mare.
 Cetigne, A.D. Sylvandale, V.L., A.L.
 Pardon, V.O. The Nun, V.O.
 Picture, A.D.

No. 30 FAMILY—Daughter of Duc de Chartres' Hawker.
 Nil.

No. 31 FAMILY—Dick Burton's Mare (dam of son of Brimmer Mare).
 Mountain King, A.D., A.L., V.D., Scottish King, V.L., V.L.

No. 32 FAMILY—A Royal Barb Mare (dam of Dodsworth).
 Tregilla, A.D.

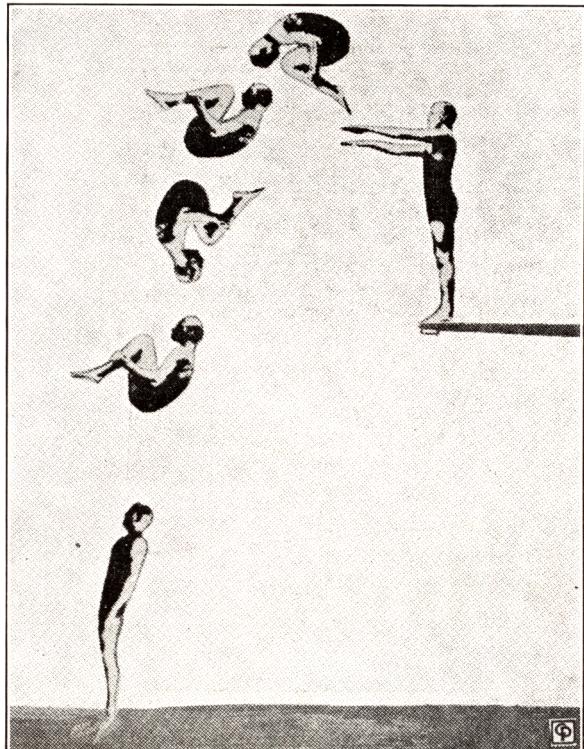
From 33 to 43 inclusive there were no classic winners.

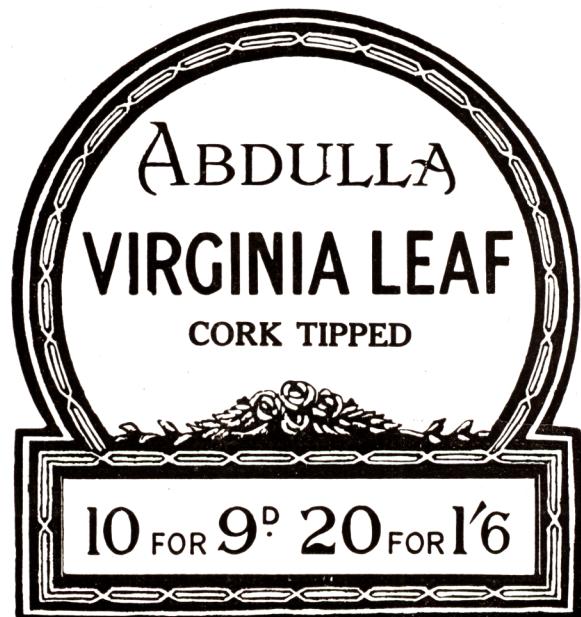
Classic Winners Whose Families Cannot Be Traced.

Aruma, V.O.	Lord Nolan, A.L.
Bargo, A.D.	Melita, V.O.
Beelah, A.D.	Matchlock, A.L., V.L.
Beragoon, A.D., V.D.	Merriwee, V.D.
Blue Peter, V.L.	Miss Jessie, V.D.
Briseis, V.D., V.O.	Moselle, A.L.
Brownlock, V.D., V.L.	Modesty, V.O.
Caspian, V.L.	Nautical, V.L.
Comodore, A.L.	Nellie, A.D.
Dividend, A.L.	Newhaven, A.L., V.D.
Etra-Weenie, V.O.	Palestine, V.O.
Formosa, V.O.	Presto, V.L.
Gallantic, V.O.	Seaspray, V.L.
Glencoe, A.L.	Sir Andrew, A.L.
Haulette, V.O.	Strathmore, V.D., V.L.
Hautvilliers, A.D., V.D.	Stromboli, A.D.
Javelin, A.D.	Sweet Nell, V.O.
Kestrel, V.O.	Tanami, A.D.
Kingsborough, A.D., A.L.	The Barb, A.D.
Lady Rylstone, V.O.	The Duke, A.D.
Lady Clifden, A.L.	The Pitsford, A.L.
Limarch, A.L., V.L. (dead-heat with Hall Mark).	Wilar, V.D., V.L., V.O.
	Woodlands, A.D.

Omitting the untraceables, which are an easy first, the families in order of merit are: Nos. 5 and 9, with 33 winners each; No. 2, 30½; No. 3, 27; No. 13, 25; No. 1, 23½; No. 10, 18; Nos. 12 and 24, 13 each; No. 4, 15. The others are below double figures.

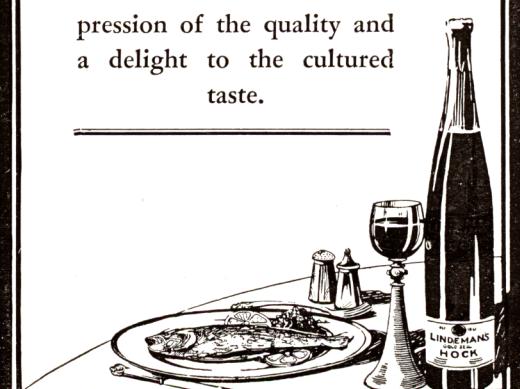
*The success of Fireworks in two Victoria Derbies is accounted for by the fact that the first was run in November, 1867, and the second on New Year's Day, 1868, when he was still a three-year-old.





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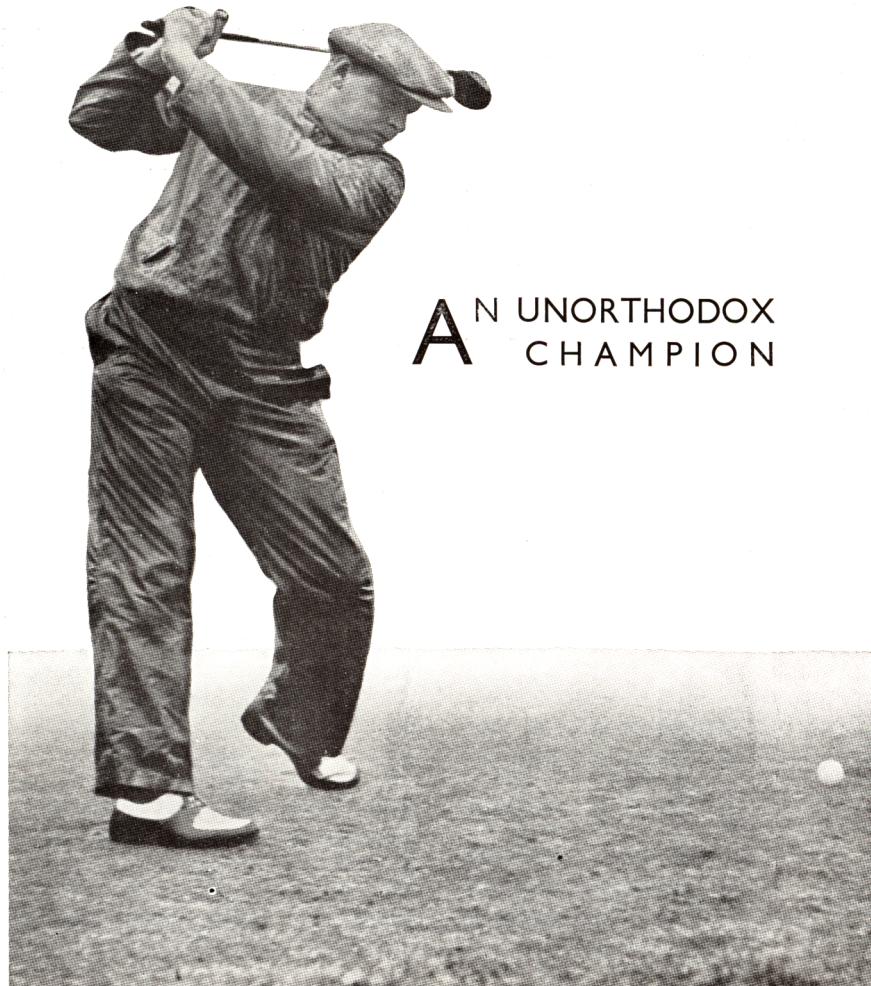
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A N UNORTHODOX CHAMPION

When Alfred Perry won the Open championship at Muirfield last year to another British success was added a mild surprise that a player so unorthodox by modern standards should have stood triumphantly the greatest test of all. However, handsome is as handsome does, and that it was no flash in the pan is proved by the consistency of his form ever since.

Perry stands a very long way away from his ball, and though he uses the comparatively modern overlapping grip, the action of his right hand suggests the heroes of old. The right forefinger, for instance, never

wraps itself round the handle, but the power is there none the less. Also the face of the club is "shut," as the pundits tell us it should not be. The turn of the body seems a shade accentuated, but the player is obviously "collected" (note his right leg as stiff as a post and his right hip checking excessive body turn). The "cock" of the left wrist is well exemplified, and in fact that drive carried well over 230 yards on a "demned moist, unpleasant" day.

The champion has adapted his style to his physical characteristics, and that's one of the reasons he is champion.

GOLF FIXTURE LIST



June 18th (Thursday)—Manly Golf Club; Stroke Handicap: "A. C. Ingham" Cup.

July 23rd (Thursday)—Concord Golf Club: Four Ball Best Ball v. Par.

August 20th (Thursday)—The Lakes Golf Club; Stroke Handicap: Club Championship.

September 17th (Thursday)—Manly Golf Club; Stableford Par: "Henry E. Coleman" Bowl Event.

October 21st (Wednesday)—New South Wales Golf Club; Stroke Handicap: Victor Audette Memorial Shield.

November 19th (Thursday)—The Lakes Golf Club: Four Ball Best Ball v. Par.

December 17th (Thursday)—Manly Golf Club; Stableford Par: "Henry E. Coleman" Bowl Event.

January 20th, 1937 (Wednesday)—New South Wales Golf Club: Four Ball Best Ball v. Par.

February 18th (Thursday)—The Lakes Golf Club: Stableford Par: "Henry E. Coleman" Bowl Event.

ANNUAL BALL
Saturday, July 18, 1936

Mancies! Take Your Pick

Things That Have Been "Seen"—But Were Not

At different times we all adopt the role of anticipator. Alas, we know how frequently our judgment is awry even though we know "form" and have definite data to guide us along the desired path. "Tipslingers" have, mostly, proved a source of annoyance, but that is nothing new.

It is happy for man that he does not know what the morrow will bring forth: but, unaware of this great blessing, he has in all ages endeavoured to trace the events of unborn centuries, and anticipate the march of time. He has not only made the subject a complete study, but has also tried to make it a science. In no other walk of life has it been found so easy to deceive the world at large by this means.

Fortune tellers abound in every country. Many quite sincere, but the majority dabbling for fun, and not a few for illegal gain.

A history on famous dud predictions would require a whole volume. Here are just a few instances where the stars or the guess were wrong:

In the days of Charles the First, "the most noble characters did not hesitate to consult astrologers" but the results of prognostications rarely panned to schedule.

One of the astrological number, named Leily, claimed he had foreseen the Fire of London. He published the fact in book form in 1651 and was summoned before Parliament. Sir Robert Brook requested

him to tell all he knew. The result was a blank and, "after parley, the House found they could make nothing of the astrologer, and dismissed him with great civility."

France and Germany, in the dark ages, had a quite a lot of time for those who claimed to be able to peer into the future.

Louis XI., who was frightfully superstitious, had a bodyguard of the gentry. There is no data relative to successful anticipations, but countless errors are chronicled.

Libertus, having studied the science with great success in Paris, and who was noted for "many guesses which were not devoid of shrewdness" was taken to the household of Pandolfo di Malatesta, the Sovereign of Rimini. His reputation was so great that his study was ever crowded by the most famous people, who sought his advice. He finally met his death on the scaffold!

For some weeks before the birth of Louis XIV., an astrologer from Germany, who had been sent for by Marshall de Bassompierre and other noblemen of the court, had taken up his residence at the palace, to be ready, at a moment's notice, to draw the horoscope of the future Sovereign of France. The finished effort was in three words: "diu, dure, feliciter;" meaning that the newborn Prince should live and reign long, with much labour, and with great glory. This astrologer finished

his days in a bad way, discredited and all the rest of it, but his "prediction" quoted was certainly "not devoid of shrewdness."

The best excuse ever made by an astrologer was that offered by one who enjoyed the rank of being the greatest ever—Kepler. He was an unwilling producer of the art and vice. When, sending a copy of his work "Ephemerides" to Professor Gerlacli, he wrote: "they are nothing but worthless conjectures," but, he added, "I have to go on making them or I should starve."

As far as Australia is concerned, the seer is a rare bird. The field has not even been scratched. Here are a few "Mancies" to ponder over, and study, if the whim takes one—Onomancy: foretelling a man's fate by the letters in his name. Stereomancy, divining by the elements; Pyromancy, by fire; Hydromancy, by water; Demonmancy, by devils and evil spirits; Psychomancy, by the soul, affections or dispositions; Theriomancy, by beasts; Lithomancy, by stones; Astromancy, by stars; Astrolagomancy, by dice; Oinomancy, by wine; Tyromancy, by cheese.

There are fifty-two established mancies, each guaranteed to be better, or worse, than the last. It is a case of you pay your money and you take your choice. Past history inclines to the belief that the purchase will be a "lemon."

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Motoring

South Australia Strikes New Note—Cold Weather Hints for Private Owners—Petrol Figures That Make One Think—New Road Scheme.

If there be any doubts lingering in the minds of individuals regarding increased spending power of the people, just have a word or two with our leading motor car dealers. As a mirror to reflect the upward tendency of Australian finances, the car trader stands in a class by himself. New registrations in the Commonwealth over February, March and April of this year show the tally at 17,513, as against 14,089 for the full year of 1932.

Of course, the figures quoted also account for sales of used cars—the actual number of new cars sold during the last quarter was 52,314. Referred to in terms of £.s.d., the turnover topped six million. N.S.W. was responsible for 5,290 new cars and 1,578 trucks and commercial vehicles—the highest of all States.

A Wise Move.

An innovation in the French Grand Prix this year, will be the enforcement of a new rule that all contesting cars shall be of the modified stock variety. Since this classic event had its introduction in 1906, various cars have won the event, but they were like those of the same variety offered for sale to the public in name only. They were "super-everything" and not even a colourable imitation of the machines as we know them by name. All that is to be altered, and when drivers face the starter on June 28, super-charged engines will be conspicuous by their absence.

The times are likely to suffer, but as against that we will be able to get a more true line on the value of our popular models for this class of speed work than has ever been our lot in the thirty years of the race.

As a result of the altered conditions, entries have been received from British firms and "E.R.A.", Riley, Singer and Lagonda cars will be seen in the line-up.

Last year the event went to R. Caricciola, who drove a Mercedes over the 310 miles course at the rate of 77.4 m.p.h.

New Idea for Australia.

Our South Australian cousins have dished up a tasty morsel for us this year, and as part of that State's Centenary celebrations, a motor car rally is being organised and, if everything runs to schedule, visiting cars will enter Adelaide on December 22 next.

The South Australian Government has looked kindly on the scheme, and will find finance to the extent of £250.

An elaborate set of schedules has been worked out for visitors from every State and, definitely, this will not be a race. It is for tourists.

Sydney drivers will start on their run (also Queenslanders) on Saturday, December 19, and conditions will provide that the private owner and his family may enjoy the scenery en route and gain a special medallion if completing the journey to schedule, irrespective of placing, or elimination from the semi-finals. A hundred guinea gold cup will go to the winner.

There are two routes to choose from:—(1) Via Wagga, Balranald and Renmark, a distance of 940 miles, and carrying 100 points. A full night will be spent at each town named. (2) Via the Sydney-Melbourne coastal route. Drivers will receive no points for great speed, and classification has been made to allow of a cruising rate of 25 m.p.h. for smaller cars, and 32 m.p.h. for the higher powered variety.

Should any member desire fuller particulars he should get in touch with Mr. H. G. Vinney, c/o Centenary Committee, Adelaide.

Cold Weather Hint.

Just about this time last year, writer advised members to pay attention to sparking plugs. Cold mornings frequently mean slow starting of our engines, and when this is the case, too frequently needless damage is done. Every

driver knows the value of good plugs, but the usual thing is to carry on until complete collapse takes place, and then renew. It sounds all right, but the cost has probably been more than suspected.

It would be well to remember that a plug sparks round about fifteen million times in every ten thousand miles of travel and the points are gradually burnt away more or less. Anyway, the gap is greater and the spark does not jump as when new. This means that the more one places his foot on the self-starter, the more he is overloading his ignition system. This is an excellent method of running into magneto trouble later on! Avoid this by having your plugs checked up. The cost will be pence as against pounds.

By the same token, it is well to remember that tyres last approximately twice as long when run over wet and cold roads than during the hot summer days. But, what is more important perhaps, is the need for good treads on wet, glassy surfaces—sufficient of the pattern left to create suction when the brakes are set down hard in an unexpected jamb.

About Petrol.

This next bit is not about cars, but may prove of interest to members. It is put in here to show the progress we are, or are not, making in aviation.

In the Commonwealth there are 724,959 cars in operation (trucks included) while in Japan only 181,608 abound. In 1935, Japan purchased twenty million more gallons of petrol than Australia. This country also used up 16,700,000 gallons of lubricants as against Japan's sixty-seven millions. For the same period, by way of comparison, England used 113 million gallons.

A New Road Scheme.

A new scheme for road making is to be tried overseas. It is intended to build roadways over existing railway lines, which will mean that trains will run through artificial tunnels for many miles on end. It certainly has merit and should greatly help to rid large cities of congestion. One can visualise the popularity and usefulness of new main roads throughout the County of Cumberland.

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Billiards

Tournaments start this Month. Entries should be Bigger Than Ever. New "Test" Series Probable

The month of June finds billiard lovers busy on the green cloth. There is a good reason, too. The club's annual tournaments are about to take place, and all who would be in the finals must get into form. And there is ample incentive offered in the way of liberal prizes. Considerable movement has taken place during the past few weeks, and some members who have been somewhat spasmodic in their visits to the second floor have become more or less habitues.

This year Billy Longworth will be back in the fold, and will grace the back-markers. And Charlie Young is still on deck and as keen as ever on his daily game, while Hans Robertson stepped on the gas during the month to run up a nice string of 107 points in a game of 100 up. Each year finds popular Hans a little further advanced, and he is a long way from being at his peak as yet. His best playing years lie ahead.

Of course, members do not always play billiards. In fact, the multi-ball game is easily the more popular. But, what does it matter? So long as one visits the billiard room, an enjoyable time is assured. And, thus we find Jack Plaskitt making the trip from Campbelltown each day to engage with all and sundry. Not far behind in enthusiasm is Capt. Jim Bartlett, who can always be relied upon to be quick on the uptake when his prowess is in any way challenged.

Knights of the cue abound on all sides. During a week's close contact, one rubbed shoulders with Peter Drummond, Jack Patterson, Colin Rose, Steve Blau and Jim Griffiths, all busy finding their "touch" for the big money to be made available immediately.

Just as well to get all the names now, for when the entry lists are published there is sure to be the usual array of nom-de-plumes which give indisputable proof of man's inborn shyness. But there are plenty more yet: Harry England, Bill Scott, "Jerry" Taylor, Doug.

Lotherington, George Epstein, Izzy Green, Bill Kerr and Jack Kenyon are just a few more gladiators who keep the markers busy with tidy compilations during the week days.

At night time one can run into Bob Cathels and his friends having a quiet time with the balls, or Sid Nolan, Archie Hogg or Norman McNally. Archie Jones generally manages a game on Friday nights, but Jack Hinwood tries to get in his run earlier in the week.

Getting away from civic affairs is not an easy matter for Sydney's Town Clerk, but Roy Hendy usually finds time to have a knock dur-



Bobbie Marshall, of Perth, whom Walter Lindrum declares to be the best amateur billiardist in the world. Against the Victorian, Marshall compiled a 691 break.

ing the week, and the same applies to George Hyam and Bill Hannan, who not only comes along, but also provides (very frequently) his own opposition. A great idea, to be sure.

The H. Griffith v. S. Scorer duels are always worth watching, and the same can be said of the matches which frequently take place on Thursday nights when Harold McIntosh, Jack Trainor, Frank Comins,

G. Deaton and E. O'Brien play ducks and drakes with each other's tallies.

Sure! Everyone is getting into form and the 1936 tournaments bid fair to outdo all those that have gone before, in the way of enthusiasm. Let's hope the handicappers so arrange things that finishes will be close enough to have us on our toes right until the call of game.

Since last issue matters have moved apace regarding the staging of billiard Test matches between representatives of England and Australia. It is now almost certain that next season will find three of the best cueists from overseas in our midst to engage with Walter Lindrum, Clark McConachy and Horace Lindrum.

It is proposed that three matches will be played simultaneously, but to be deemed as one Test, and aggregate scores will determine the winning combination. Five "Tests" will comprise the series.

The idea is to play games in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, and keep spectators informed of progressive scores each fifteen minutes or thereabouts. It is highly probable two well-known commercial houses will sponsor the games, and negotiations are at present proceeding along the lines indicated.

One must agree that this is the first time in history that this country has been strong enough to take part in such a challenge, but we are particularly well equipped at the moment.

Walter Lindrum, of course, stands alone, and should be able to "carry" the fast improving Horace, while McConachy is likely to defeat anyone. It would not be going too far to place "Mac" number two player in the world, next after Lindrum.

The English trio, who have already said "O.K.", consists of Joe Davis, Tom Newman and Willie Smith. Sidney Smith also has eyes on a trip this way, but it is unlikely the first three will let anyone else into the plums for some time.

Taken all round, the grand old game is fast staging a great comeback into popular favour. And, why not? It still remains far and away the King of Indoor Games. Now, for our own tournaments.

Pool Splashes

The Daves Do It—Dave Tarrant Takes Point Score—And Dave Lake Hangs Up Great Record

So good is the sport in the Pool that a season seems hardly to have started before it ends.

Thus the boys of the third floor reckon they are just getting into "nick," and here we are only a couple of months away from the close of the 1935-1936 swimming season.

The great thing about it is that the fields continue as large as ever and it's no wonder that Hon. Sec. Jack Dexter wears that smile that won't come off.

That reminds us that Stan. Carroll, Hans Robertson and Jack Dexter are the only men who attended the formation meeting of the club who have been in active competition this season.

The others were our Chairman, Mr. Billy Hill, Frank Carberry, whose annual appearance is a popular turn at the swimming interlude at the Swimming Club Ball, Cec. O'Dea and Len Richards.

It is interesting to note that the Swimming Club is getting along towards its double figures in age, for it was formed on 26th November, 1928.

The club's first race was won by Stan. Carroll in 1928 over 60 yards in 38 2/5 sec., and we note Stan. is now handicapped on 41 secs. and still can't win. Well, we all grow older, so don't worry about it, Stan.

Anyway, late as it is this season, new members continue to arrive, and, as was mentioned last month, Dave Lake is the latest, and what a record he has hung up.

His initial appearance was on 23rd April, when he swam second in the final. A week later he was first in a Brace Relay. Next two starts Dave was unplaced, but in the next race he helped Cuth. Godhard to win the 120 yards Brace Relay Handicap.

Pretty good, we'll say, two firsts and a second in five starts.

Then, a few weeks back, John Pooley made a welcome reappearance. Last season John showed pace above the ordinary, and those who had never seen him in action gasped when they saw him win a 60 yards heat from scratch on 7th

May. His time was clocked at 32 4/5 secs.

Just to show we hadn't seen him at his top, John swam 31 4/5 secs. to tie with Dave Tarrant in the final, and that time makes us think of Hans Robertson at his best.

Mention of Dave Tarrant calls for congratulations on his win in the April-May Point Score. There have been few greater enthusiasts than Dave, and the same may be said of his chums of the "Woolworth" table, Mick Murphy, Alf. Pick, Jack Miller, and Len Herrmann.

Noted "Eddie" Edwards limping round the place. Hasn't started for a while, but it won't be long now.

Here's a pat on the back for Vic. Richards over his selection as Captain of the N.S.W. Rugby Union team touring Queensland. We know of no man better fitted by temperament for the job, and as for playing ability, well, just get Alf. Rainbow and Les. Herron talking.

One of our members, Bruce Hodgson, who put up startling 100 yards time in his first appearance in a club race, has gone off to England on the same boat as the Olympic team. It won't be Bruce's fault if he can't find a day or so off from business to see the Games in Berlin.

Before the team left, Tattersall's Club Committee made arrangements for Misses Kitty Mackay and Pat Norton to train in the Pool. The girls were appreciative of the chance to get in some work under comfortable conditions.

Another valuable way in which our club is assisting swimming is in the matter of the Winter Coaching Classes of the Amateur Swimming Association. For some years past the club has allowed the A.S.A. the use of the Pool each Monday evening from 7.30 to 9 for these classes.

A few weeks back the 1936 classes opened, and it is splendid to see the manner in which the A.S.A. Coaches, Messrs. Lyn Johnston (a member of Tattersall's), Dud. Helmrich, Noel Ryan, Charles

Bell, Brown, and Claude Seabrook put the youngsters through their paces.

In previous years the classes have produced some splendid swimmers, and after a glance at the present lads we think there will be many more helped to championship form through the help accorded them by Tattersall's Club.

John Samuel Cup.

The deciding event of this series, the diving competition, was to have been held during last month, but, owing to a sudden business engagement out of town necessitating the absence of one of the leaders, the other competitors in the running sportingly decided to postpone the event.

It will now be held in the coming month, when the close position of both the contest for this season and for the ultimate decision of the winner will cause keen interest.

As the season closes in July, it does look unlikely that the leader will be deposed.

The points to date are:—

A. S. Block 53½, D. Tarrant 44½, C. Godhard 43, A. Richards 39, V. Richards 38, J. Dexter 37½, L. Herrmann 32½, N. P. Murphy 31, K. Hunter 28, G. Goldie 22, C. Bastian 19½, A. Pick 19½, S. Carroll 18½.

Point Score Races.

April 23.—40 yards handicap: K. Hunter (22) 1, D. Lake (26) 2, J. Dexter (26) 3. Time, 21 secs.

April 30.—80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: A. Pick and D. Lake (55) and S. Carroll and J. Buckle (52) tie, 1, C. Godhard and N. Murphy (50) 3. Time, 53 and 50 secs.

May 7.—60 yards Handicap: D. Tarrant (38) and J. Pooley (33) tie, 1; A. Pick (47) 3. Times, 36 4/5 and 31 4/5 secs.

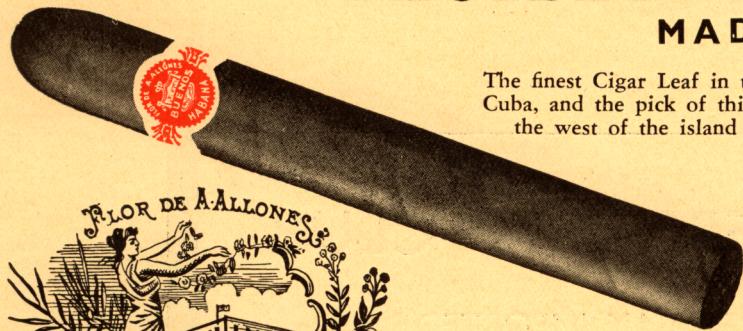
May 14.—80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: A. Richards and C. Godhard (44) 1, N. P. Murphy and A. S. Block (50) 2, L. Herrmann and J. Miller (49) 3. Time, 44 secs.

April-May Point Score: D. Tarrant, 8½ points, 1; A. Pick, 7½ and D. Lake, 7½, 2; K. Hunter, 6, 4.

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